

## MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

## No. XXI.—THE AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATE.

THOSE who live much in the society of the very middle-aged, hear from them loud and frequent complaints of the decay of courtesy and the general deterioration, both of manners and of habits, observable in the young men of the day. With many portentous shakings of the head, these grizzling censors inform those who care to listen to their wailings, that in the time of their own youth it was understood to be the duty of young men to be modest, considerate, generous in their treatment of one another, and chivalrous in their behaviour to women. And every one of them will probably suggest to his hearers that he was intimately acquainted with at least one young man who fulfilled that duty with a completeness and a perfection never since attained. Now, however, they will declare, the case is different. Young men have become selfish and arrogant. Their respect for age has vanished, their behaviour to ladies is familiar and flippant, their style of conversation is slangy and disreputable, they are wanting in all proper reverence, they are pampered, luxurious, affected, foolish, and disingenuous; unworthy, in short, to be mentioned in the same breath with those who have preceded them, and have left to their degenerate successors a brilliant but unavailing example of youthful conduct. These diatribes may or may not be founded to some extent in truth. At the best, however, their truth is only a half-truth. So long as the world endures, it is probable that young men will have a large allowance of follies, of affectations, of extravagances, and the young men of to-day are certainly not without them. But, in the main, though the task of comparison is difficult, they do not appear to be at all inferior in manliness, in modesty of bearing, and in reverence to the generations that have gone before. Here and there in London the antics of some youth plunged into a torrent of folly before he had had time even to think of being wise, excite the comments of the world. But London is not the school to which one would look for youth at its best. To find that in any considerable quantity one must travel either to Cambridge or to Oxford, and inspect the average undergraduates, who form the vast majority at both these Universities.

Now the Average Undergraduate, as he exists, and has for ages existed, is not, perhaps, a very wise young man. Nor does he possess those brilliant qualities which bring the Precocious Undergraduate to premature ruin. He has his follies, but they are not very foolish; he has his affectations, but they are innocent; he has his extravagances, but they pass away, and leave him not very much the worse for the experience. On the whole, however, he is a fine specimen of the young Englishman—brave, manly, loyal, and upright. He is the salt of his University, and an honour to the country that produces him.

The Average Undergraduate will have been an average schoolboy, not afflicted with too great a love of classics or mathematics, and gifted, unfortunately, with a fine contempt for modern languages. But he will have taken an honourable part in all school-games, and will have acquired through them not only vigorous health and strength, but that tolerant and generous spirit of forbearance without which no manly game can be carried on. These qualities he will carry with him to the University which his father chooses for him, and to which he himself looks forward rather as a home of liberty slightly tempered by Proctors, than as a temple of learning, moderated by examiners.

During the October term which makes him a freshman, the Average Undergraduate devotes a considerable time to mastering the etiquette of his University and College. He learns that it is not customary to shake hands with his friends more than twice in each term, once at the beginning, and again at the end of the term. If he is a Cambridge man, he will cut the tassel of his academical cap short; at Oxford he will leave it long; but at both he will discover that sugar-tongs are never used, and that the race of Dons exists merely to plague him and his fellows with lectures, to which he pays small attention, with enforced chapels, which he sometimes dares to out, and, with general disciplinary regulations, to which he considers it advisable to submit, though he is never inclined to admit their necessity. He becomes a member of his college boat-club, and learns that one of the objects of a regular attendance at College Chapel is, to enable the freshman to practise keeping his back straight. Similarly, Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons are, necessarily, bulky, since, otherwise, they would be useless as seats

on which the budding oarsman may improve the length of his swing in the privacy of his own rooms. These rooms are all furnished on the same pattern. A table, a pedestal desk for writing, half-a-dozen ordinary chairs, a basket arm-chair, perhaps a sofa, some photographs of school-groups, family photographs in frames, a cup or two, won at the school athletic sports, a football cap, and a few prints of popular pictures, complete the furniture and decorations of the average College rooms. Of course there are, even amongst undergraduates, wealthy aesthetes, who furnish their rooms extravagantly—but the Average Undergraduate is not one of them.

On the fifth of November the freshman sallies forth only to find, with a sense of bitter disappointment, that the rows between Town and Gown are things of the past. He will have discovered ere this that undergraduate etiquette has ordained that while he wears a cap and gown he must forswear gloves, and leave his umbrella at home, even though the rain should pour down in torrents. All these ordinances he observes strictly, though he can neither be "haunted" nor "gated" for setting them at defiance. Towards the end of his first term he begins to realise more accurately the joys and privileges of University life; he has formed his set, and more or less found his level, he has become a connoisseur of cheap wine, he has with pain and labour learned to smoke, he has certainly exceeded his allowance, and he returns to his home with the firm conviction that he knows a great deal of life. He will terrify his mother with tales of proctorial misadventures, and will excite the suspicions of his father by the new brilliance of his attire. Indeed it is a curious fact that whatever the special pursuit of the Average Undergraduate may be, and whatever may be the calling and profession of his father, the two are generally engaged in a financial war. This always ends in the triumph of the older man, who never scruples to use the power which the possession of the purse gives him in order to discomfit his son. From a University point of view, the average father has as little variety as the average son.



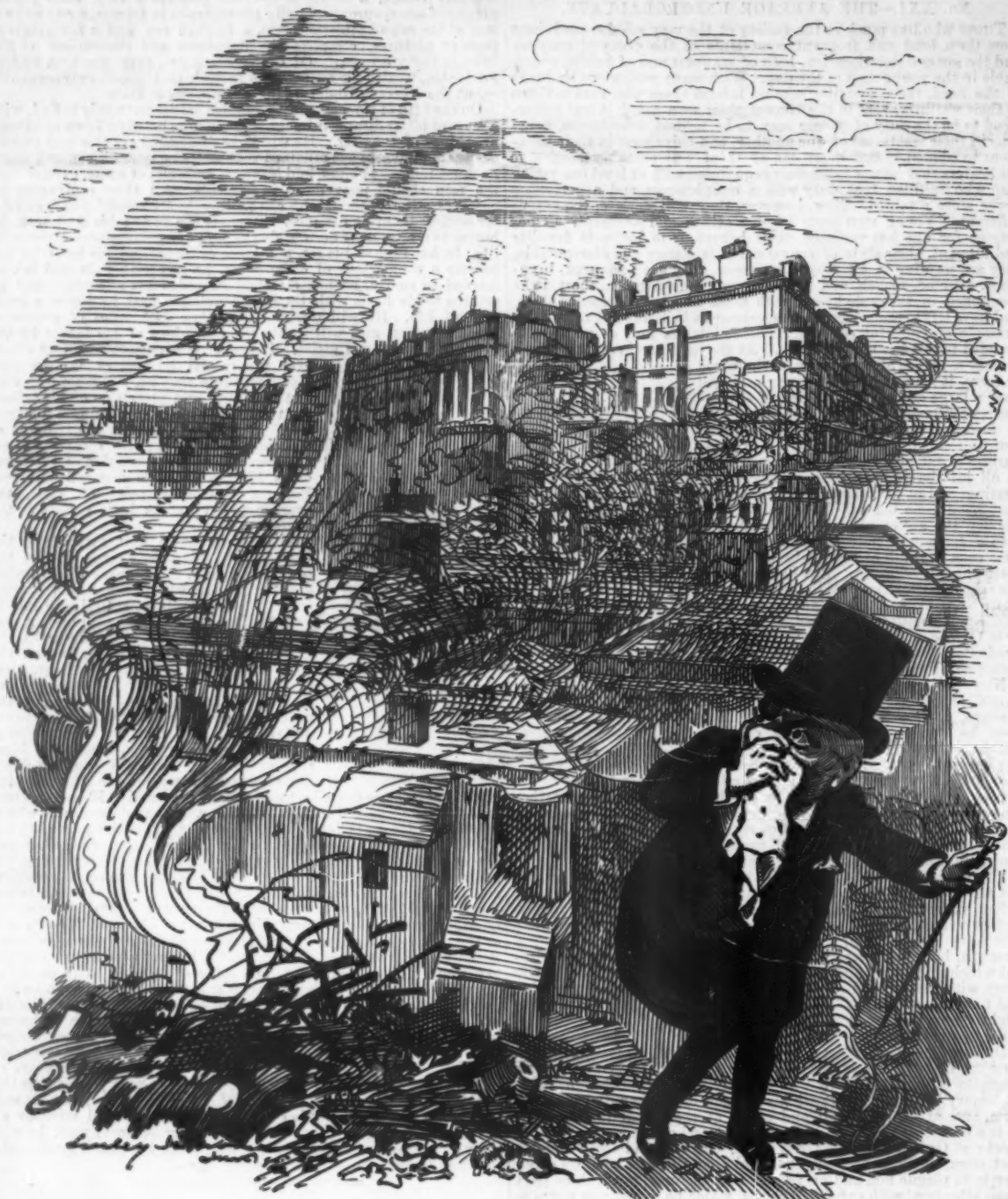
It must be noted that away from the University or his family circle, and in the society of ladies, the Average Undergraduate is shy. The wit that flashed so brilliantly in the College Debating Club is extinguished, the stream of humour that flowed amidst shouts of laughter in the Essay Society is frozen at its source, the conversation that delighted the frequenters of his rooms is turned into an irresponsible mumble. But as soon as he returns to the academic groves, and knows that petticoats are absent, and that his own beloved "blazer" is on his back, Richard is himself again. He has his undergraduate heroes whom he worships blindly, hoping

himself to be some day a hero and worthy of worship. Moreover, there are in every College traditions which cause the undergraduate who is a member of it to believe that the men of that particular society are finer fellows than the men of any other. These traditions the Average Undergraduate holds as though they were articles of his religion. The Average Undergraduate generally takes a respectable position as a College oarsman or cricketer, though he may fail to attain to the University Eight or to the Eleven. He passes his examinations with effort, but still he passes them. He reeks not of Honours. The "poll" or the pass contents him. Sometimes he makes too much noise, occasionally he dines too well. In London, too, his conduct during vacations is perhaps a little exuberant, and he is often inclined to treat the promenades at the Leicester Square Variety Palaces as though he had purchased them. But, on the whole, he does but little harm to himself and others. He is truthful and ingenuous, and although he knows himself to be a man, he never tries to be a very old or a very wicked one. In a word, he is wholesome. In the end he takes his degree creditably enough. His years at the University have been years of pure delight to him, and he will always look back to them as the happiest of his life. He has not become very learned, but he will always be a useful member of the community, and whether as barrister, clergyman, country gentleman, or business man, he will show an example of manly uprightness which his countrymen could ill afford to lose.

FIFTH.—The last nights on earth at the Haymarket are announced of *A Village Priest*. May he rest in peace. The play that immediately follows is, *Called Back*; naturally enough a revival, as the title implies. But one thing is absolutely certain, and that is, that *A Village Priest* will never be *Called Back*. Perhaps *L'Abbé Constantin* may now have a chance. Eminently good, but not absolutely saintly. Is there any chance of the *Abbé* being "translated?"

## THE SMELLS.

(Edgar Allan Poe "Up to Date.")



I.  
 Look on London with its Smells—  
 Sickening Smells!  
 What long nasal misery their nastiness fore-  
 tells!  
 How they trickle, trickle, trickle,

On the air by day and night!  
 While our thoraxes they tickle,  
 Like the fumes from brass in pickle,  
 Or from naphtha all alight;  
 Making stench, stench, stench,  
 In a worse than witch-broth drench,

Of the muck-malodoration that so nauseously  
 wells  
 From the Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,  
 Smells, Smells, Smells—  
 From the fuming and the spuming of the  
 Smells.



## II.

Sniff the fetid sewer Smells—  
Loathsome Smells!  
What a lot of typhoid their  
intensity foretells!  
Through the pleasant air of  
night, [blight!  
How they spread, a noxious  
Full of bad bacterian notes,  
Quickening soon.  
What a lethal vapour floats  
To the foul Smell-fiend who  
glistens as he gloats  
On the boon.  
Oh, from subterranean cells  
What a gush of sewer-gas  
voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
In our houses! How it tells  
Of the folly that impels  
To the breeding and the  
speeding  
Of the Smells, Smells,  
Smells,  
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,  
Smells,  
Smells, Smells, Smells—  
To the fostering and the per-  
tering of the Smells!

## III.

See the Spectre of the Smells—  
London Smells!  
What a world of retrospect  
his tyranny compels!  
In the silence of the night  
How we muse on the old  
plight  
Of Kensington, — a Dismal  
Swamp, and lone!  
Still the old Swamp -  
Demon floats  
O'er the City, as our throats  
Have long known.  
And the people—ah, the  
people—  
Though as high as a church  
steeple

They have gone  
For fresh air, that Demon's tolling  
In a muffled monotone  
Their doom, and rolling, rolling  
O'er the City overgrown.  
He is neither man nor woman,  
He is neither brute nor human,  
He's a Ghoul;  
Spectre King of Smells, he tolls,  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls.

Rolls.  
With his cohort of Bad Smells!  
And his cruel bosom swells  
With the triumph of the Smells.  
Whose long tale the scribbler tells  
To the Times, Times, Times,  
Telling of "local" crimes  
In the gendering of the Smells,  
Of the Smells:

To the Times, Times, Times,  
Telling of Railway crimes,  
In the fostering of Smells,—  
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,  
Brick-field Smells, bone-boiling Smells,  
Whilst the Demon of old times  
With us dwells, dwells, dwells,  
The old Swamp Fiend of moist climes!  
See him rolling with his Smells—  
Awful Smells, Smells, Smells—  
See him prowling with his Smells,  
Horrid Smells, Smells, Smells—  
London Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,  
Smells, Smells, Smells,— [Smells?  
Will the County Council free us from these

JUST NOW THE CHIEF NILE-INT IN PARIS.  
—CLEOPATRA.



"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

"I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WINE, MR. PROFESSOR. PLEASE DRINK  
IT!"  
"VAT! BEFORE TINNER! ACH, YR!"  
"BECAUSE MUMMY SAYS YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH, AND I WANT TO SEE  
YOU—!"

## SEEING THE STARS.

The following paragraph appears in the  
columns of the *Scottish Leader* :—

"Those who were out of doors in Edinburgh at  
three o'clock on Saturday morning were startled by  
the appearance of a brilliant meteorite in the  
northern hemisphere. Its advent was announced  
by a flash of light which illuminated the whole  
city. A long fiery streak marked its course, and  
remained visible for more than a minute. At first  
this streak was perfectly straight, but, after it had  
begun to fade, it broke into a zig-zag."

The phenomenon so graphically described,  
though remarkable, is not, we believe, in the  
circumstances, entirely novel. Perhaps it is  
noteworthy as coming a little early in the  
year. We understand that on New Year's Day,  
"those who are out of doors in Edinburgh at  
three o'clock in the morning," are not unfre-  
quently startled in somewhat similar manner.

THE TOOTH-TRINE. — "TOOTH'S Gallery"  
always strikes us as a somewhat misleading  
appellation. It always appears to have more to  
do with palates than pictures, and to be more  
concerned with gums than gold frames. No  
doubt the head of the firm of Messrs. ARTHUR  
TOOTH AND SONS is a wise TOOTH, so let him  
christen his gallery the "Arthurneum." He  
is a TOOTH that you cannot stop, he is always  
coming out, and this autumn he comes out  
stronger than ever with a most interesting  
and varied collection. Excellent examples you  
may find of J. B. BURGESS, J. C. HOOK,  
BASTIEN LEPAGE, TADEMA, VICAT COLE, PETER  
GRAHAM, MILLAIS, LEADER, C. CALTHROP,  
MARCUS STONE, and other notables.

## THE MOAN OF THE MAIDEN.

(After Tennyson.)

GOLF! Golf! Golf!  
By the side of the sounding  
sea; [never  
And I would that my ears had  
Heard aught of the "links"  
and the "tee."

Oh, well for the man of my  
heart,  
That he bets on the "holes"  
and the play  
Oh, well for the "caddie"  
that carries [pay.  
The "clubs," and earns his

He puts his red coat on,  
And he roams on the sandy  
hill;  
But oh for the touch of that  
golfer's hand,  
That the "niblick" wields  
with a will.

Golf! Golf! Golf!  
Where the "bunkers" vex  
by the sea;  
But the days of Tennis and  
Croquet  
Will never come back to me!

OYSTERTITIES AT COLCHESTER.—Last Wednesday the An-  
nual Oyster Feast was held at  
Colchester. Toasts in plenty:  
music of course. But why was  
there absent from the harmo-  
nious list so appropriate a glee  
as Sir HENRY BISHOP'S :—

"Uprouse ye then,  
My merry merry men,  
It is our opening day!"

Why wasn't Deputy-Sheriff  
BEARD asked? Is he already  
shelved?

## THE LAST OF "MARY'S LAMB."

["A firm in Sydney have completed arrange-  
ments whereby frozen sheep or lambs can be de-  
livered at any address in the United Kingdom."]

MARY had a little lamb,  
Which she desired to send  
Across the mighty ocean as  
A present to a friend.

That friend was partial to lamb chops,  
Likewise to devilled kidney;  
So friendly MARY promptly went  
Unto "a firm in Sydney."

That firm replied, "the lamb we'll send  
By parcel to your cousin;  
That is, if you do not object  
To have your darling frozen."

Then MARY wept. She said, "My lamb  
Has wool as white as snow;  
But packed in ice? It don't sound nice,  
No, Sydney Merchant, No!

"Refrigerate my darling! Oh!  
It makes my bosom bleed.  
Still, go it must. I think you said,  
'Delivery guaranteed!'"

So Mary's lamb the ocean crossed  
By "Frozen Parcel Post;"  
And MARY'S Cousin said its chops  
Were most delicious—most!

## MORAL.

Science, though it pays "cent. per cent.,"  
Is destitute of pity;  
And makes hash of the sentiment  
Dear to the Nursery ditty.

## ROBERT AS HUMPIRE.

I WAS a takin of my favrit walk, larst Friday was a week, from Charing Cross round to my own privet residence in Quaker Street, when a yung lad tapped me on the sholder and said to me, "Please, Sir, are you the sillybrated Mr. ROBERT, the City Waiter?" In course I replied, "Yes, most suttently;" when he said, "Then this yere letter's for you, and I wants a emediat arnser." Concealing my wisibel astonishment, I took him hup Healy Place, where the worry famous Lawyer lives, as can git you out of any amownt of trubbel, and then opened the letter, and read the following most astonishing words, wis.:—"Mr. ROBERT,—can you come immediately to the — Club, as you alone can decide a very heavy wager that is now pending between two Noble Lords who are here awaiting your arrival. You will be well paid for your trouble. The Bearer will show you the way.—J. N." I could learn nothink from my jewvenile guide, so I told him to lead the way, and off we started, and soon arrived at the Club.

I need ardlly say that, being all quite fust-rate swells, they received me in the most kindest manner, and ewen smiled upon me mostfreely, which in course I felt as a great complement.

One on 'em then adrest me sumwat as follers, "I'm sure, Mr. ROBERT, we are all werry much obliged to you for coming so reddily at my request." At which they all cried, "Here! here!" "You of coarse understand what we wish you to do." To which I at once replide, "Quite so, my noble swells." At which they all larfed quite lowd, tho' I'm sure I don't know why. He then said that it was thort better not to menshun the names of any of the Gents present, and he then presented me with a little packet, which he requested I woud not open till I got home, and then prosseeded to xplain the Wager, somthink like this. Two of the noble Lords present, it apeared, had disagreed upon a certain matter, and wanting a Humpire of carater and experinece to decide between them, had both 'agreed to a surgestion that had bin made, that of all the many men in London none couldn't be considered more fitter for the post than Mr. ROBERT, the sillybrated City Waiter!

I rayerth thinks as I bluast wisibly, and I knos as I bust out into a perfuse prusperashun, but

## PHILOMELA AND AQUILA.

[It is stated that Madame PATTI presented Mr. GLADSTONE with a box of voice lozenges.]



PATTI, take, PATTI, take, Grand Old Man!

Give him voice lozenges soon as you can. Pack them, address them, as neat as can be,

And courteously hand them to W. G.!

Mellifluous Nightingale, melody's source Our Golden (mouthed) Eagle hath grown a bit hoarse;

But though Aquila's husky with age and long fights, His sweet Philomela will set him to-rights.

A cough-drop, a lozenge, a jube-jube, from you,

His larynx will strengthen and lubricate too. [pipe again yet;

His old "Camp Town Races" he'll Nay—who knows?—with you may arrange a duet!

The eagle is scarcely a song-bird, but still, [gale's trill!

He may have a good ear for the nightingale Fair Philomel comes to old Aquila's aid!!! Faith! the picture is pretty, so here 'tis portrayed?

## CLEOPATRA IN PARIS.



The true History. Queen Cleopatra dying from the effects of several Bites of Asp-aregus. Or is it truer that Queen Cleopatra died from eating too much of something "En Aspic"? Ask Sardon, Sara, & Co.

I didn't say a word, but pulled myself together as I can gineraly do when I feels as it's necessary to manetane my good character. He then said, "The question for you to decide is this: At a great and most himportant Dinner that is about to be held soon, at which most of the werry grandest swells left in London will be present, we intends to hinterduce 'The Loving Cup;' not," he added, smiling, "so much to astonish the natives, as to stagger the strangers. The question, therefore, that you, as the leading City Waiter of the day, have to settle, is, How many of the Gents stand up while one on 'em drinks?" Delighted to find how heavy was my tarak, I ansers, without a moment's hezzitation, "Three!" One on 'em turned garstly pale, and abouted out, "What for?" To which I replied, "One to take off and hold up the cover, the second to bow, and drink out of the Cup, and the third to protect the Drinker while he drinks, lest any ennemy should stab him in the back."

The garstly pale Gent wanted to arak more questions, but the rest shouted, "Horder! Horder!" and the fust Gent coming up to me again, thanked me for what he called my kindness in cumming, so I made 'em my very best bow, which I copied from a certain Poplar Prince, and took my departure.

Being, I hopes, a man of strict verasity, I never wunco took ewen so much as a peep at the little packet as the Gent gave me, but I couldn't help feeling ewery now and then to see if it was quite safe, which of course it was, and ewen when I reached my umbel abode, I still restrained my natral curiosity, and sat down, and told my wundrus tale to the wife of my buzzom, and then placed the little packet in her astonished anda, which she hopened with a alite flutter, and then perdoosed from it Five Golden Souverings! If any other noble swells wants another Humpire on the same libberal terms, let 'em send to ROBERT.

AT THE ALHAMBRA. — Claude Duval, a new monologue, music by EDWARD SOLOMON. Mr. FRANK CELLI has to "stand and deliver" the lines of Messrs. BOWYER and MORTON. As the description "monologue" is not suggestive of music, why didn't the authors invent a special name for the entertainment, and call it the "Solomonologue"? Most expressive.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Dead Man's Gift*, by HERBERT COMPTON; the title of which might lead one to imagine something very weird and uncanny. Nothing of the sort. Mr. COMPTON doesn't wish to "make your flesh creep" like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. It is only the story of a tea-planter's romance, though the finding of the gift is most exciting. Interesting and well written.

*The Cabinet Portrait Gallery*, published by CASSELL & Co., with portraits of most of our Celebrities, by Messrs. DOWNY, is excellent. Christmas Books now make their appearance, and the first and principal offenders in disturbing the Calendar are Messrs. BLACKIE & SON. "Among the names," says the Baron's juvenile assistant Co. Junior, "we recognise one of our boys' most favourite authors, G. A.



"Blackie and Son."

HENRY, who this year gives them another exciting historical tale, *By England's Aid*, which deals with the closing events of the War of Independence in Holland. Also *Maori and Settler*, a story of the New Zealand War, when young England was quite a settler for the Maori. Both recommended. *Hal Hungerford*, by J. R. HUTCHINSON, is a good book for boys, and *A Rash Promise, or, Meg's Secret*, by CECILIA SELBY LOWNDEN, is an equally good one for girls, and finally *The Girls' Own Paper Annual*, and *The Boys' Own Paper Annual*, are two very handsome capably illustrated gift-books. Now the Baron's cheerful assistants have done their work, he himself, has something to say.

"No, my dear and venerable Mr. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.," says the Baron to that eminent octogenarian Academician, whose "remini-scences" BENTLEY AND SON have just published; "if you are correctly quoted in the *P. M. G.*, your memory is absolutely at fault in describing DOUGLAS JERROLD as 'Editor of *Punch*.' He never was. Your account of the doings at the hebdomadal board of the *Punch* Staff College must be taken with several pinches of salt, as never once in your lengthy career have you been present at any one of these symposia. No matter. Your health, and book!"

Permit the Baron to strongly recommend MARION CRAWFORD'S *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*. Slight indeed is the plot, and few the



A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.

*dramatis personæ*; but the latter are drawn with a Meissonier-like finish, and the simple tale is charmingly and touchingly told. The wonder of it is that so little to tell should have occupied two volumes; and a greater wonder remains, which is, that, at the close, the reader should wish there were a third. To create this desire is, after all, the very perfection of the art of novel-writing. The novelist who does not make the reader "wish as there was more on it," according to the philosophic dictum of Sam Weller on the art of epistolary correspondence, has failed. Henceforth this novel of Mr. CRAWFORD'S goes forth to the world with the Baron's best imprimatur.

This poor little cigarette-maker requires no puffing of her wares. Enough that the Baron should say to his readers, "Tollis lege!" You will be delighted with it, "It cigarette per esser felice." It is a charming story, says emphatically, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOPE FOR THE EAST END OF LONDON UNDER THE NEW MAYORALTY.—If South Kensington and the Fashionable West are now complaining of smells everywhere in the S. and S.W. district, the City and the East End may, for one year at least, rejoice in the supreme rule of the Savory. We can't write of SAVORY without adding MOORE, so we must mention that the name of SAVORY is ominous for the continuation of the Mayoralty. The Guildhall Banquets end with a Savory. *Adieu omen!*

## WINTER OPERA.

ROYAL Italian Opera is quite a winter rose in Covent Garden. It blossomed well, and is doing bloomingly. How lovely and of what happy omen is the name of MARIA PERI, whose *Valentina* in *Les Huguenots* is worth recording, even though it does not beat the record. It is said to be an uninteresting part, yet I remember everybody being uncommonly enthusiastic about this same *Valentina* when GRISI played it, and her "Valentina" was *Roméo*-like MARIO. Their struggle, his Leap for Life out of the window after the great "Tu M'am!" solo and duet, her despair, will never be forgotten. "Nothing in the part," quotha! Nothing in the person more likely. Signor PADILLA, excellent actor, is here again. Signor INGENIO CORRA



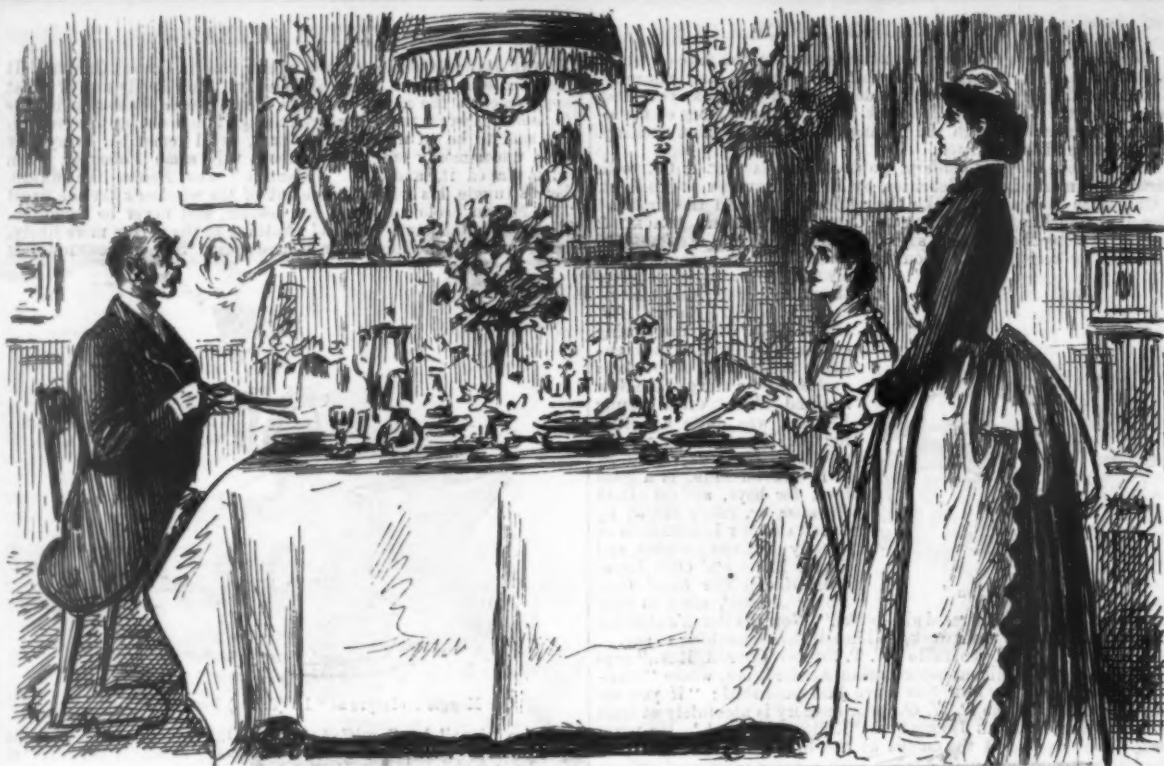
Our Maggie McIntyre as "La (Prima) Donna del 'Lago.'"

has been "lent" by Sheriff AUGUSTUS DRURIOIANUS, and we hope he'll be returned safe, sound, and unspoilt, carefully packed, "G uppermost," in time for the Royal Italian Season. More nice names of good omen in the ballet, LOUISE LOVEDAY,—hope she'll "love-night" as well, and be always ready to dance,—and "JESSE SMILES!"—does she! Bless her heart! Signor AED ITTY, as 'ARRY would say, is the energetic "Conductor," so that Signor LAGO'S "bus "full inside—all right!" ought to go along pleasantly, and do well.

Friday.—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mlle. STROMFELD in the title rôle, singing well, and recalled several times by a fairly filled house. Signor SUARE, the *Edgar*, looking better than he sang. But what a fine old crusted piece of Italianised conventionality the Opera is, with about as much to do with Scotland as it has with SCOTT! From the general demeanour and appearance of the Chorus of "Ladies and Knights," and "Friends of Lord ASHTON," the ASHTONS evidently in a very second-rate set at Lammermoor. However, it must be admitted that their attitude, as spectators of *Lucia*'s delirium, left nothing to desire on the score of repose—the VERN DE VERES themselves could not have been calmer or less concerned. Blue china, and sympathy expressed by semaphore action in the good old time-honoured fashion. The "Warriors of Ravenswood" in Lincoln green hunting costume, and the tombs of *Edgar*'s fathers under a marble colonnade—to give the necessary local colour. Good house on Saturday for *Robert the Devil*,—not our "ROBERT" the Waiter. But Signor LAGO must not be satisfied with things as they are.

## PROGRESS—FIN DE SIECLE!

1891. Vessels laid up by the Shipping Federation.
1892. The Railway Union decide to stop all traffic until labour is cheaper.
1893. The United Cooperative Stores secure monopoly of Trade, and then close until better times.
1894. Army and Navy disbanded, join the Burglar Association, of which the Police are now members.
1895. Publication of newspapers throughout the civilised world, suspended.
1896. Universal redistribution of land, and personal property.
1897. Conversion of every public building on the Four Quarters of the Globe into a refuge for the indigent.
1898. Strike of the Butchers, the Bakers and the Candlestick-makers.
1899. Strike of the Doctors, and the Undertakers—*Fin de Siècle!*
1900. Strike of the Lawyers—*Fin du Monde!*



## THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

*Jones to Mrs J.* "EKKER VOO NE POKXAY PÂH KER LA NOUVELLE FUM-DE-SHOMB ATT EXTRAORDINAIRMONG JOLIE?"  
*Mrs. J. (who is over-considerate of her Servants).* "WER—MAIS IL NE FO PÂH PARLY FRONXAY DEVONG LEY DOMESTREE; CE N'AY PÂH POLSE, VOO SAVVY!"  
*The New Scotch Housemaid.* "OH, MONSIEUR, QUANT À ÇA, CE N'EST PAS LA PEINE DE VOUS GÊNER DEVANT MOI. JE COMPRENDS ADREZ BIEN LE FRANÇAIS!"

## TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

Oh, politics puzzle, and partisans vary,  
 In holiday autumn on Albion's shore;  
 But ooh! there's a good business in New Tip-  
 perary,  
 So to take a look round I will take a run  
 o'er.  
 Prince ARTHUR looks proud, but his policy's  
 poor—  
 No doubt, he'd be happy to show me the  
 door;  
 But the Paddies will welcome an English  
 grandee—  
 They've had SHAW-LEFEVER, they'd rather  
 have me!  
 So I laugh at all fears of things going con-  
 trairey  
 (She loves me, does EMIN, the shamrock-  
 gown'd fairy),  
 I'm sure there's a good business in New  
 Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR sings:—

AIR—"Off to Philadelphia."

Faith! JOHN MORLEY thinks he's leary,  
 And he's off to Tipperary;  
 My policy he thinks he'll be a thorn in;  
 But before he comes away  
 He will find to spoil my play  
 He must get up very early in the mornin'.

Wid his bundle on his shoulder,  
 He thinks no man could look boulder,  
 And he's lavin' for Auld Ireland widout  
 warnin'.  
 For he lately took the notion  
 For to cross the briny ocean,  
 And to start for Tipperary in the mornin'.

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

Br St. Patrik, I've hit on the thing I was  
 after  
 (Good luck, MORLEY dear, says O'BRIEN to  
 me)  
 My tale BALFOUR bould, will be no case for  
 laughter,  
 I'll leave ye no leg for to stand on, ye'll see.  
 Of course you will say that my story's not  
 true,  
 But who will belave such a fellow as you?  
 By Jingo, I've something to talk about now!  
 I'll make ye to sit up and snort, that I vow!  
 I'll give ye the facts, ye can't prove the  
 contrairey.  
 My story and CADDELL's will probably vary,  
 But I've found good business in New  
 Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR sings:—

AIR—"Off to Philadelphia."

When they tould me I must shpake a paoe,  
 I tried to kape a cheerful face,  
 Though obvious lack of matther I was  
 mournin'!

But, oh sombre-faced JOHN MORLEY!  
 Ye desired to help me surely,  
 When ye went for Tipperary widout  
 warnin'.  
 Though your tale could scarce be boulder,  
 Yet my hits straight from the shoulder  
 Will make ye mourn the hour that ye  
 were born in.  
 And I think ye'll have a notion  
 Ye were wrong to cross the ocean,  
 And raise ruktions in ould Ireland in the  
 mornin'!

JOHN MORLEY sings:—

AIR—"Tipperary."

I may yet have to sail o'er the blue seas to-  
 morrow,  
 Once more sail away to the Iale o' the West,  
 They yet may subpoena me, much to my  
 sorrow,  
 And then my strange tale will be put to the  
 test.  
 But BALFOUR shall find, when once more I  
 come back,  
 Of matter for speeches I shall have no lack.  
 O'BRIEN and DILLON from judgment have  
 flown,  
 But with BALFOUR, I fancy, I'll still hold my  
 own.  
 That fight in the boat was a funny vagary,  
 But the picture I'll paint will make  
 SALISBURY soary,  
 And set the bells ringing in New Tip-  
 perary!

In New Tipperary!





## TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

RIGHT HON. A. B. "BLESS JOHN MORLEY,—NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!"  
RIGHT HON. J. M. "BLESS ARTHUR BALFOUR,—NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT!"

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# TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

*Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.*

"Oh! he's ever so much better. Why he only had two stumbles, and one cropper, doing his three hundred yards this morning. That beats the record, anyhow."

Young JERRYMAN is describing the effect the Engelberg air is already having on the Dilapidated One to several people, who have either been invalidated themselves, or have had invalid relatives, or met, seen, or heard of invalids who have had similar satisfactory experiences.



A Pleasant Little Excursion.

and waste quite so much time between the different courses."

And here the mild-mannered Clergyman had real ground for complaint, for the German recipe for *table d'hôte* dinner seems to be something very much like the following:—Get a room that has been smoked in, with closed and tightly-fastened windows and doors, all the morning. Light the stove, if there is one, and turn on the gas, if there is any. You begin your dinner. Take twice, thrice, or even four times of every course, glaring savagely and defiantly at your neighbour as you pass the dish. Sit over each, allowing a good quarter of an hour for its proper digestion, and keep this up till the perspiration drops from your face. Finally, in about two hours' time, having carefully mopped your forehead, quit the table for the "Conversations Sal." Here (still keeping in gas and stove, if there is one) smoke till you can't see six feet before you. Keep this up till you have had enough of it, and feel the time is getting on for you to go through a modified edition of the same process at supper. At least, this is how the German element—a very formidable one at the *Hôtel Titlis*—for the most part, conducted itself over the principal meal of the day. There were, of course, exceptions, for all Germany is not essentially German; yet it must be confessed that the prevailing features were of this guzzling, and, for the want of a more descriptive word, I would add, "sweltering" type, not fully appreciated by the ordinary travelling Briton, who, whatever else he may be, is not a gross feeder, though he does set the proper value on a breath of pure fresh air.

"Get him up? Of course we can get him up," rejoined Dr. MELCHISEDEC, warmly. This in answer to some doubts expressed by one of the more cautious spirits of our party as to the possibility of dragging the Dilapidated One over one of the stock excursions of the neighbourhood, to wit, the *Fürren Alp*. "Why, put him into a *chaise à porteur*, and we could get him up the *Titlis* itself, and throw in the *Schlossstock*, and the *Gross-Spannort*, for the matter of that, as well. *Baudeker* makes only a two and a half hours' affair of it." And so we find ourselves in due course, doing the "*Fürren-Alp*" in approved style.

"By Jove, I'll be hanged if I think it's a bit better than going up *Primrose Hill*, twenty times running: and not near such good going either," observes young JERRYMAN, after we have been struggling up a precipitous mountain path, occasionally finding ourselves sliding and slipping backwards in the bed of a disused watercourse, for about two hours and a half.

And really I think young JERRYMAN's view of the matter is not so very far out, after all.

ONE RITE, AND ALL WRONGS.—The "Service of Reconciliation" in St. Paul's seems to have had the effect of setting everyone by the ears. Quite a muddle,—a Western Church, and an Eastern rite.

# SCIENCE AND HEART.

"A Correspondent of '*the Field*' records an experiment which he made with a wasp. 'Having,' he says, 'severed a wasp in two pieces, I found that the head and thorax with the uninjured wings retained full vitality . . . It tried to fly, but evidently lacked the necessary balance through the loss of the abdomen. To test the matter further, I cut out an artificial tail from a piece of thin cardboard, as nearly following the shape of the natural body as possible. To fasten the appendage to the wasp, I used a little oxgall . . . gum or more sticky substances would not do, as it impedes the use of the wings in flight. Presently the operation was complete, and, to my surprise, the wasp, after one or two ineffectual efforts, flew in rather lopsided fashion to the window. It then buzzed about for at least a quarter of an hour, eventually flying out at the top . . . it was vigorous when it flew away.'"



Extract from an Evening Paper.

The Benefit of Humour in Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHERS can always do more Assisted by a sense of humour: Witness the droll experiment Of this same scientific gent. For he, his frugal breakfast finishing, (The eggs and bacon fast diminishing) Noted how o'er his marmalade A Wasp was buzzing undismayed.

General Reflection: Attitude of Man towards the Wasp.

We all are apt to be inhospitable to the humble Wasp—That Ishmael of domestic insects, The terror of the feminine sex! And our Philosopher, though cool, Was no exception to the rule. He let it settle on his plate; He poised a knife above—like Fate. Next—with a sudden flash it drops Right on that unsuspecting Wopse! Which, unprepared by previous omen, Awestruck, confronts its own abdomen! And sees its once attached tail-end dance A brisk *pas-sai* of independence! A pang more bitter than before racks That righteously indignant thorax, As proudly (yet with perfect taste) It turns its back upon its waist, And seeks, though life must all begin new, "Business as usual" to continue!

The Philosopher shares the prevailing Prejudice. His Method.

The Blow falls.

A Tragic Meeting.

Dignified Behaviour of the Wopse.

A Philosopher's Remorse.

The Uses of a Scientific Education.

Reparation.

His Process.

Forgiveness.

Further proceedings of the Philosopher.

Moral.

To see that ineffectual torso Go fluttering about the floor so; Science informs him that, divided, A wasp for flight is too lopsided. So, with remorsefulness acute, He rigged it up a substitute; Providing it a new posterior, At least as good—if not superior. He cut it out a tail of card, And stuck it on with ox-gall, hard. (This he prefers to vulgar glue) And made that Wopse as good as new! Until the grateful insect soared Away, with self-respect restored To find that mutilated part of his Had been so well replaced by artifice. The Scientist, again complacent, To pen and ink and paper hastened, And, in a letter to the *Field*, Told how the Wasp, though halved, was healed. And how, despite a treatment rigorous, It left consoled—and even vigorous! The Moral—here this poem stops—is 'Tis ne'er too late for mending Wopses!

A "CUTTING" OBSERVATION.—This is from the *Daily Graphic*:—**GENERALS.**—TWO WANTED to do the work of a small house; £14-£18; for two in family; easy place, early dinners; very little company.

How sad! At how low an ebb has our Army arrived under recent mal-administration! In time we may have even "Our Only General" himself advertising for a place, or answering an advertisement like the above. Not much "company drill"; so, if easy, it will be dull.



A SALE OF YEARLINGS.—THE VERY LAST OF THE SEASON.



## A PERILOUS TUG OF WAR.



"The labouring men, as a class, are rapidly approaching to a footing of full equality with the capitalist, and it is even possible they may become the stronger of the two. . . . They must be content to have their class interests, whatever they are, judged in the light of the public interests. . . . Labour and Capital may have separate interests, yet their separate interests are little, in the long run, as compared with those in which they are united."—Mr. Gladstone at West Calder.

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world": [furl'd,  
So the youthful Poet Laureate pictured it in limpid verse;  
Now the Federations fight each other! Better is't, or worse?  
See, the battle-flags are flying freely as on War's red field,  
And the rival hosts are lugging, straining—neither means to yield.  
For the war-drums, are they silent? Nay—they're not of  
parchment now,  
But, with printers' ink and paper, you can raise a loud tow-row;  
Be it at a Labour Congress, Masters' Meeting, Club, or Pub,  
Public symphony are deafened with their ceaseless rub-a-dub!

Tug of War! It is a Tug, and not, alas! mere friendly war,  
As when rival muscles tussle, Highland lad or British tar,  
Tis a furious fight & outrage, knitted, knotted each to each,  
Heels firm-planted, hands tense-clenching, till the knobby knuckles  
bleach.

Federated Masters struggle, Federated  
Toilers strain,  
Each intent on selfish interest, each on  
individual gain,  
And a chasm yawns between them, and a  
gulf is close behind!  
What is the most likely issue of such con-  
flict fierce and blind?  
Unionism 'gainst Free Labour, Capital  
against mere Toil!

Is it better than two tigers fighting for some desert spoil?  
"Federate" the Libyan lions as against the elephant herds,  
Will the battle be less savage? Let us not be fooled by words!

Say the tense-strained rope-strands sunder, say that either band  
prevail!

Shall not "conquer" in the issue prove a synonym for "fail"?  
"Banded Unions persecute," and Federated Money Bags  
Will not prove a jot or tittle juster. Fools! Haul down those flags!  
Competition is not conflict. So the Grand Old Casualist says,  
Speaking with the sager caution of his earlier calmer days.  
True! Athletic rivals straining at the tense tough-stranded rope,  
Strain in friendly competition, ruin not their aim or hope;  
But a lethal Tug of War 'twixt "federated" foemen blind,  
With a chasm at their feet, and each a yawning gulf behind,  
On a precipice precarious! Truly, too, a foolish fight!  
Rival Federated Wrongs will never further Common Right!

## "GIVE IT TO THE BARD!"

MR. ROBERT INGERSOLL speaking of, and at, Poet WALT WHITMAN on the occasion of presenting the aged and eccentric poet with the "long contemplated testimonial" to quote *The Times*, said, that "W. W. is intellectually hospitable"—this sounds like 'ready to take in anybody'—"but he refuses to accept a creed merely because it is wrinkled, old, and white-bearded. Hypocrisy wears a venerable look; and relies on its mask to hide its stupidity and fear." Now this was rather rough on the Bard, who is described as "an interesting figure, with his long white hair falling over his shoulders." It seemed as if ROBERT INGERSOLL wished to imply, Don't be taken in and accept W. W. at his own poetic valuation as a poet, simply because he is wrinkled, old, white-haired, and wears a venerable look, which, after all, may be only a hypocritical mask? Mr. INGERSOLL couldn't have been more infelicitous if he had "come to bury WHITMAN," not to praise him." Then he went on, "Neither does WHITMAN accept everything new." This clearly excepted the testimonial, which, we may suppose, was brand new, or at all events, had been so at some time or other, though having been "long contemplated" it might have got a trifle dusty or mouldy. Then finished the orator, magnificently, epigrammatically, and emphatically, thus "He" (i.e., WALT WHITMAN) "wants truth." And with all our heart and soul we reply, "We wish he may get it."

MR. PUNCH'S PRIOR NOVELS.—No. V., "Mignon's Mess-Room," will appear in our next Number.

## EMPLOYMENT OF CAPITAL.

SIR.—In the *St. James's Gazette* of Thursday week there was a quotation from Mr. BUCHANAN's *Modern Review*, where, in support of his opinions, he quotes "*Pope passim*." Whatever may be the outward and visible form of Mr. BUCHANAN's religion, it is dis-courteous, at least, even for an ultra-Freebyterian Scotchman, to spell the name of a Pope without making the initial letter a capital, and it is unlike a Scotchman not to make capital out of anything. Here, I may say, that Mr. BUCHANAN's contributions to recent journalistic literature have been mostly capital letters. But to return. Why *POPE passim*, and not *POPE Passim*, or *POPE PASSIM*? Is it not mis-spelt? In vain have I searched history for the name of this Pope. *Searchimus iterum*. But I must protest, in the mean time, of this particularly mean way of Bu-CHANANISING a Roman Pontiff. Please accept this as a  
MEMO FROM NEMO.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—"MOIR TOD STORMOUTH DARLING" (any other names?) "Esq., Advocate, Q.C., H.M.'s Solicitor-General for Scotland"—phew!—a good mouthful all this, almost as great as "JOHN RICHARD THOMAS ALEXANDER DWYER," of *Rejected Addresses*—has been elevated to the Scottish Judicial Bench. Good. The MOIR the Merrier! TOD is the first half of Toddy which is the foundation of whiskey. Your health, More Toddy! STORMOUTH is as good a mouth as any other, whatever mouth may be chosen to store away more Toddy. And finally, "DARLING" is a term sometimes lawful, rarely legal, of endearment, and henceforth in Scotland STORMOUTH not "CHARLIE" is "our DARLING, our gay Cavalier!"



## IN OUR GARDEN.



VERY odd thing. Just as we had got into Our Garden, were, so to speak, turning up our sleeves to hoe and dig, I have been called away. It is Mr. G. who has done it. The other day the Member for Sark and I were out weeding the walk—at least he was weeding, and I was remarking to him on the healthfulness of out-door occupation, more especially when pursued on the knees. Up comes the gardener with something on a pitchfork. Thought at first it was a new development of the polyanthus. (We are always growing strange things. The Member for Sark says, "In Our Garden it is the unexpected that happens.") Turned out to be a post-card. Our

gardener is very careful to keep up our new character. If the massive had been brought to us in the house, of course it would have been served up on a plate. In the garden it is appropriately about on a pitch-fork.

"My dear Tony" (this is the post-card), "I'm just going up to Edinburgh; another Midlothian Campaign; You have been with me every time; don't desert me now; have something quite new and original to say on the Irish Question; would like you to hear it. Perhaps you never heard of Mitchelstown? Been looking up particulars. Mean to tell the whole story. Will be nice and fresh; come quite a shock on BALFOUR. Don't fail; Yours ever, W. E. G."

Didn't fail, and here I am, not in Our Garden, but in Edinburgh. Left the Member for Sark in charge. A little uneasy; never know from day to day what his well-meant but ill-directed energy may not achieve. At least the celery will be safe. One day, after I had worn myself out with watching gardener dig trench, Sark came along, and in our absence filled it up. Said it looked untidy to have long hole like that in respectable garden. Supposed we had been laying a drain; quite surprised we weren't pleased, when he gleefully announced he had filled it up.

Just come back from great meeting in Corn Exchange. Difficult to realise that it's eleven years since Mr. G. here in first campaign. A great deal happened in meantime, but enthusiasm just the same. Mr. G. I suppose a trifle older, but ROSEBERRY still boyish-looking. Proceedings opened with procession of Delegates presenting addresses to Mr. G. Excellently arranged; reflects great credit on PAT CAMPBELL. (Capital name that for manager of variety troupes.) Leading idea was to present imposing representation of Liberal Scotia doing homage to its great chief. PAT caught on at once. Engaged thirty stalwart men: none of your seedy sandwich-board fellows; responsible-looking burghers of all ages and sizes. Got them together in room at left door of stage—I mean of platform; free breakfast; oatmeal cake; unstinted heather-honey and haddocks. Mr. G. seated in chair in very middle of stage, the place, you know, where great tragedians insist upon dying. Prompter's bell rings; Delegates file in, every man with what looks like a red truncheon in right hand; advance slowly along front of stage till reach chair where Mr. G. sits, apparently buried in deep thought.

"What ho!" he cries, looking up with a start. "My liege," says the sandwich-board man—I mean the Delegate, "I bring hither the address of the Possilpark, Lambhill, Dykehead, Camburnathen, Wishaw, Dalbeattie, Catrine, and Sorn Liberal and Radical Association. Will I read it?"

"I think not," said ROSEBERRY, quietly, but firmly, and the Delegate, handing the red thing to Mr. G., passed on. Mr. G. smiling and bowing; audience applauded; next man comes. He's from the Dumtocher, Faifley, Slamannan, Cockpen, Pennicuik, Clackmannan, Carnoustie, Kirkintilloch, and Lenzie Junior Liberal Association. He also wants to read the Address, but is mercifully hustled off, and the line, ever emerging from L. of stage, crosses, and passes on. At other side, PAT CAMPBELL waiting; a little anxious lest anything should go wrong to spoil his carefully-devised plan. But everything went well.

"Get ye away now," PAT whispered in ear of the man from Possilpark, &c.

Possilpark, &c., at the clue, darted round rear of stage; got round in good time to L.; fell into line, and was ready to come on again. Same with the rest. Immense success! At the end of first three-quarters of an hour, PAT CAMPBELL arranged a block; pressure of innumerable Delegates so great, doncha, couldn't move off the stage in time. This gave opportunity for two of the stoutest burghers to go through quick change; reappeared, dressed in kilts. This fairly fetched down house.

"The interminable procession," as ROSEBERRY slyly called it, might have gone on till now, so perfect were the arrangements. But there was some talk of Mr. G. making a speech, and, at end of hour and fifty minutes the last Delegate slowly crossed in front of delighted audience, handed his red *bâton* to Mr. G., who, though he had entered thoroughly into the fun of the thing, was beginning to look a little fagged, and the speaking began.

This was excellent, especially ROSEBERRY's introduction of the travelling Star; a model of terse, felicitous language. Only one hitch here. Speaking of Mr. G.'s honoured age, he likened him to famous Doge of Venice, "old DANDOLO." ROSEBERRY very popular in Edinburgh. But audience didn't like this; something like groan of horror ran along crowded benches.

"Nae, nae," said one old gentleman, momentarily taking his knees out of the small of my back, "that winna do. 'Auld WULLIE' is weel enoo, but to ca' a man Auld DANDOLO to his face gars me greet." (Often met with this phrase in songs and Scotch novels: curious to see how it was done; fancy, from what followed, it's Scotch for taking snuff.)

Barring this slip, everything went well. GLADSTONE delightful. So fresh, so informing, and so instructive! Began with lucid account of Battle of Waterloo; lightly sketched the state of parties at the period of the Reform agitation in 1832; glanced in passing at the regrettable conflict between the Northern and Southern States of America ("sons of one mother" as he pathetically put it); and so glided easily and naturally into a detailed account of the *mêlée* at Mitchelstown, which, as he incidentally mentioned, took place four years and a half ago.

Audience sat entranced. You might have heard a pin drop, if indeed you wanted to. I wish the Member for Sark had been here to hear it. He would have been much more usefully employed than in that hopeless pursuit to which he has given himself up, the growing of the peckless potato. He'll never do it.

CORNWALL IN BAKER STREET.—The worst of Cornwall is, it is so far off—indeed, it has hitherto been quite out of sight. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait. We waited, and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGHEAD brought Niagara to Westminster. We waited again, and Mr. ARTHUR VOKINS brings Cornwall to Baker Street, and introduces us to a very clever young sea-scapist, Mr. A. WARREN-BROWNE—altogether a misnomer, for he isn't a worn brown at all, he is as fresh and bright and sharp as a newly-minted sovereign. Go and look at his "*Lizard and Slugs*"—he isn't an animal-painter, though the title looks like it—his "*Breaking Weather*," his "*Rain Veils*," his "*Innis Head*," or any one of his thirty pictures, and say if you don't agree with Mr. Punch. The whole of them are so true to Nature, are so faithful in their wave-drawing, there is such a breeziness, such a saltiness pervades them throughout, and they so accurately convey the character of the Cornish coast, that Mr. P. felt quite the Cornishman, and is unable to decide whether he is the Tre Punch or the Pol Punch. On mature deliberation, he concludes he is the Pen Punch. There's no doubt about that!

THE WELL "PROTECTED" FEMALE.—MRS. COLUMBIA.

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